THE TIMES.

D. F. OWENS, Editor and Publisher.

DODGE CITY. - - - KANSAS.

THE LOST KISS.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

"'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repeled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one pleading cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

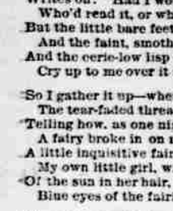
—*James Whitcomb Riley, in N. Y. Tribune.*

"JIMPY."

The Touching Story of a Love That Was Never Realized.

[Written for This Paper.]

"I (Death) am the only pity of the world. And even I—to every mortal thing I come too early or too late."—*Ouida.*



CROW'S-FEET in my once smooth face, and frequent streaks of silver mingled with the hair that used to cover my head in golden waves, tell me that I am not merely an old maid, but a very old maid. Yet I have, in the days of long ago, had lovers—at least two, if no more.

I was only a girl of nineteen when I left my father's home to become a teacher in a country district-school. I was not very clever, but I knew enough to teach country boys and girls of a generation when youngsters did not think they knew more than their parents; nor was I remarkably pretty or beautiful, though I had my share of good looks, and at any rate felt no uneasiness on that score.

On my first morning at the primitive log school-house I found myself surrounded by some thirty or more boys and girls, of a variety such as one might expect to find in a country district, some forty years ago. They were of all ages, from seven to seventeen, and were none of them particularly apt or bright scholars—except one.

In a corner near the door, and farthest from my desk, sat an old-looking lad of perhaps eighteen years. He was the last whom I called up to give his name and other information, so that I might classify him properly. As he walked up to the desk I noticed that he was rather lame, owing to a slight deformity in one foot. He had a bright eye and, although dressed clumsily, was a pleasant enough lad to look upon, but he was very bashful.

"Will you tell me your name, please?" I asked.

The lad glanced at me shyly and dropped his eyes. Almost in a whisper he said: "Dean, ma'am."

"Yes," I said, "but your full name."

Before he could reply some precocious youngster in petticoats volunteered: "It's Jim, marm; Jim Dean!"

I silenced the smart speaker and again turned to my eldest scholar. "Give me your Christian name, please, so I can enter it properly on the register."

"TELL ME YOUR NAME, PLEASE."

"James Parker Dean."

I thought I could dispense with the Parker, so I abbreviated the second name to P. As I wrote I repeated the name "James P. Dean."

Then I heard more than one pair of merry lips whisper: "Jim. P. Dean! Jim P., and don't forget the P."

Ever after that the lad was, as if by common consent, known as "Jim P.," which, by constant use, became contracted to one word, "Jimpy;" and before a great while I found myself speaking of Dean, and even addressing him by this curious nick-name.

I taught school at Snake Corners from late fall until early summer, and then I went home for a rest. By that time I had learned a good deal of Jimpy.

His father was the village blacksmith and wagon-builder, who made a fair living, and appreciating the lack of education in himself, desired his boy to learn as much as he could. Jimpy proved a very attentive scholar, and, although he was not possessed of extraordinary intelligence, he applied himself so diligently to his studies that I began to fear he would soon reach a point where he would have to procure a teacher of greater erudition than myself. Now, although Jimpy was quite seriously disabled by his lame foot, for many months I harbored an idea that he was, like most cripples of all degrees, sickly.

I discovered my mistake in this wise:

I had been annoyed more than once by a young man named Harding. Physically he was a splendid specimen of humanity. Morally and intellectually he was the antipodes of his physical perfection.

Not yet twenty-five, he owned the finest farm in the county, drove a span of thoroughbreds, and aped the city boys in his dress. But he drank, smoked and chewed tobacco to excess; and, while he could talk of very little but himself and his horses, he spiced that talk with the coarsest of coarse language.

As I have said, more than once this not very attractive youth had forced his company upon me, and, although, when I was merely called upon to passively endure his society, I had tried not to offend him. Every time he asked me to drive with him or accompany him to the village dances, I had decidedly refused.

One day he came down to the school-house. It was four o'clock on a lovely spring day, and I was just about to dismiss the scholars. From my desk I could see him through the window as he hitched his team, and I rightly guessed that I was the object of his visit. I began to summon the necessary courage to meet him when I should leave the school, but I scarcely anticipated his next move.

The door opened, and Mr. Harding, gorgeous in a light suit of "store-clothes," set off by a flaming red necktie, marched to my desk.

He did not so much as remove his hat, but, with a peculiar wave of the hand, said in a loud voice:

"How do, Miss Leonard! Nice day, this, an't it? Guess you won't say 'no' to a ride behind my animals, eh? Most of the girls are only too anxious to sit in my buggy and I suppose you're no different to the rest of 'em?"

Then, turning to the boys and girls who, with one or two exceptions, watched and more or less admired him with wide-open eyes and mouths, he jerked one thumb toward the door and shouted: "You kids, git now! It's time to go home, anyway."

I was astonished, but retained enough of my senses to countermand this unauthorized order.

"The scholars will keep their places until school is properly dismissed," I said; and, aside to Mr. Harding: "If you wish to speak to me, kindly take a seat for a few moments. When the scholars are gone I shall be at liberty."

With an oath, uttered under his breath, the fellow sat down, and I proceeded to dismiss the school.

When I thought all were gone I took my hat and wraps and commenced to move toward the door.

"Well," came in a rude and sulky voice from Harding, "are you going with me, or ain't you?"

"Mr. Harding," I replied, with as steady a voice as I could command, "do you think for a moment a lady could accept such an invitation as you have accorded me? No, sir. Good afternoon."

We were then at the school house door, and as I stepped forward to pass out Harding planted himself just outside the doorway, and taking my arm with a strong grip shook me roughly. By this time he was in a terrible passion, and it was in disjointed sentences that he shouted:

"Oh, I'm not gentleman enough for you—you, with your high city style and notions; you would rather not see me—don't want to speak to me—but you shall see me—you shall speak to me—you shall—" But as he bent forward, evidently intending, by sheer force, to kiss me, a fist came between my face and his, and half stunned by a telling blow between the eyes Richard Harding lay stretched on the ground.

Turning quickly I beheld—Jimpy! And although during all the months I had been at school I had looked upon him as a boy—as a country lad, unversed in the ways of the world, and a cripple to boot—I saw then in an instant, what no true woman could have failed in perceiving, that he was a man with all the feelings, instincts and passions of a man. I do not think I overstep the bounds of womanly modesty when I say that I then knew, just as well as if he had declared it in so many words, that Jimpy was not merely prompted by an ordinary sense of chivalry, which would have led him to interfere in behalf of any woman persecuted by a brutal man. He was influenced by a double passion; for, as in one instant his eyes gleamed with a deep, fiery hatred toward Harding, the next they were lighted with a tenderness which I, with a woman's instinct, fully comprehended to possess only one meaning for him and me. And in that instant I felt sorry.

But this truth came home to me in all it's vividness and reality in a moment. The next I heard Jimpy speaking: "He is not seriously hurt, Miss Leonard. You go home as quickly as you can; and, though it is more than he deserves, I will stay and see him safely in his carriage."

What passed between those two I never knew; only during the two or three weeks in which I remained at Snake Corners I was never again annoyed by so much as a word from Richard Harding.

It was two days after my adventure at the school-house, and a Sunday evening, when Jimpy came up to the house where I boarded. He was not a frequent caller, but on a few occasions he had come to the house and I had played on the piano for his amusement. He always asked me, and I always complied much as I would for any of my scholars. But in all our acquaintance it seems to me I never failed to treat him as a boy, forgetting that Jimpy was very nearly as old as myself, and that I had passed my twentieth birthday. Perhaps it was our relative position in the school which blinded me; for I ought to have known what was really the fact, that Jimpy was older and more thoughtful than most lads of his age.

An hour or two passed as usual, and my visitor made no reference to what must have been uppermost in the thoughts of each of us. I mean his interference in my behalf on the Friday previous. At last he arose to take his leave.

It was quite early, so early that the light of a sweet and fresh May evening had not quite given way to darkness. It was so fine and pleasant that I sauntered down the long garden pathway to the gate. There Jimpy stopped, the red glow of an unusually fine sunset lighting up his face that, until the memorable moment two days before, had appeared so plain and ordinary to my eyes.

"Miss Leonard," he said, "I am half sorry that I was of some service to you the other evening. Not that, either," he stammered, as a blush suffused his face. "Of course I am glad to have been of ever so little use, but I am sorry that the necessity arose. You see, I am afraid you will think I wish to take advantage of that. But it is not so. You are going away soon, and perhaps will never come back to the Corners. Well, I can not let you go without telling you that—I love you. Ah, Miss Leonard, don't, please don't, be angry. I know I am only a poor, stupid country boy, homely and lame into the bargain. I don't ask you for any thing in return and don't expect it. You will go away and be admired and loved, perhaps, by handsome and clever men in the city; and you will seldom think of the Corners and your old scholars. Yet I would like you to remember sometimes that I—Jimpy (I shall like that name, because it was through you I got it), your awkward scholar—love you."

It all seemed like a strange, quaint dream; and long minutes passed by, during which the stars came out one by one, ere I awoke to consciousness of the fact that Jimpy stood there expecting me to say something. Even then I could only find a few words, which I felt were poor enough and all too meager for my earnest boy lover.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that this is so," I said, and, as I noticed the expression, half wistful—half disappointed, with which he eyed me, I added quickly: "If you were a Prince—rich, handsome and clever—it would make no difference to me, Jimpy. I am proud of your acquaintance. You are a good friend of mine, and I can never fully repay you for your goodness to me. But that you should care for me other than a friend, I am sorry."

"I M SORRY, VERY SORRY."

And I *was* sorry, as I watched him walk slowly and sadly down the road until the darkness hid him from my sight. And long afterwards, in a large city school, and at my father's quiet home, I never thought of the lame foot, of the rough country clothes, or of the shy awkwardness of the boy Jimpy, but always I remembered the wistful look in the manly face, as lit up by the glow of the sunset, my lover told me of his love. And I was sorry.

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At the end of the school term I left Snake Corners and never returned. But two years later I spent my summer vacation with some friends who resided in a small town on the shore of Lake Ontario, within driving distance of the scene of my first efforts at teaching.

I was exceedingly fond of rowing, and frequently spent whole days afloat on the lake. Late in the afternoon of what had been an intensely-hot day, I started out in my little skiff and pulled lazily along the shore. It was so pleasant that the time slipped by unnoticed, and for a long time I was unaware of the darkness which was slowly creeping over the water. When I did notice the evening shadows, they served to cover a more serious blackness which was already filling the western skies. If I had seen this I should have known that one of those terrible summer storms, so common in the Lower Lake Regions, was about to break. The first intimation I received, however, was a slight flash of lightning, followed by the low rumbling of thunder. I was, perhaps, three miles from the village, and half a mile from the shore—which at that point and at that time was covered by dense woods. I had always been terribly afraid of lightning, and the sudden flash, added to my knowledge of the fact that I was alone on deep water, made me very nervous. A more vivid flash lit up the darkening skies, followed by loud thunder, and before I had time to gather my fast-scattering senses, a fearful wind-storm blew in terrible gusts over the lake. My frail boat spun round and round like a boy's top—so swiftly that the motion made me quite dizzy. It is a wonder that I was not upset, but in less than two minutes the wind passed away, and I found myself safe in the boat, only—without oars! And then the rain came; not in drops, but in solid sheets, while the blinding flashes of lightning and the volleys of thunder mingled so closely together that it was impossible to tell which followed the other. I can not remember just what my thoughts were at that time; I was greatly frightened, and believed that the time had come for me to die. But I did not cry out, and I know I did not pray. I just sat tremblingly still.

Out there, amid that wild, harsh storm music, it would have been quite impossible to hear the splash of oars or the sound of voices. I heard and saw nothing, until I felt my boat give a slight lurch, and knew that I was being steadily rowed by strong arms. And then I heard a voice that sounded strangely familiar, saying: "Be brave, Miss Leonard. You are quite safe, now, and we shall soon be ashore."

Was I dreaming? Could it be? Ah, yes; for the lightning flashed that instant, and showed me a face which I had not beheld since when, one peaceful Sabbath night, I curiously gazed upon it, lit up by the glow of a setting sun,—Jimpy, though how he came there just then I shall perhaps never know.

In three minutes we were ashore, and at least safe from the danger of drowning. But the shelter we could secure from the rain was very poor, being only a small deserted log cabin, the door of which had been carried away and whose windows were innocent of glass. Jimpy almost carried me to this welcome refuge which, poor as it was, served to keep off the rain. Jimpy piled up some large stones, and we sat down side by side. Strange as it may seem, although we had not met for two years, we talked very little, and after the stones were placed for our seat, we were quite silent. Indeed, the storm was so loud and fierce that talking was very difficult. And yet as I sat there, soaked with the rain and terrified by the lightning, I was strangely content, and I knew then and forever that Jimpy was more to me than an old friend.

Presently the rain subsided somewhat, and the thunder peals became less frequent. It was in one of the short intervals of comparative silence that I said: "You remember when we were together last?" "Yes," he replied, and added, "but why speak of that?" "Jimpy," I answered, "I have felt sorry ever since, and without seeing you I have learned to care for you. If you still feel as you did that Sunday evening, take me, if you will have me. We will love each other and"— But the thunder rolled and roared and cut off the end of my sentence. When it ceased, Jimpy began again: "You must not talk so, Miss Leonard. I have seen ever since that I did wrong to tell you of my love. And yet, though I am so unworthy of you, I do love you still. I can not accept any sacrifice from you; but oh, Miss Leonard—oh, Grace, my darling, if you will give me one kiss while we are here alone together, I will go away content."

I turned my face upward toward his, and Jimpy bent forward to kiss me. But before our lips could meet, an awful shaft of lightning struck the hut we were in—struck Jimpy, and the man who had saved my pride from insult and my life from sudden death—the man whom I loved too late, lay dead before me. I knew no more until searching friends found me quite senseless, with my head resting on my lover's arm. But Jimpy was quite dead.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND.

When the Matrimonial Collar Begins to Gall His Neck.

A mischievous young married woman, very fond of society and uncommonly wise in her day and generation, imparted to me the other evening a piece of information which I shall forthwith communicate. I would not tell it to every body, mark you, for it is dangerous knowledge, and should by no means be intrusted to indiscreet or evil-minded persons. There is a time, she said, shortly after a man is married (about six months in most cases), when he is commonly seized with something very like a fit of repentance. The collar begins to gall his neck; he longs for freedom; lively recollections of his careless bachelor days throng upon his mind; he envies the as yet unmarried man, wonders why he himself was in such a hurry to sacrifice his independence; in short, as I gather that my informant meant to imply, he is in a fit mood for flirtation with some other man's wife, and may be utilized for this purpose if properly handled. All this is very bad, and, let us hope, a wicked libel on humanity. Nevertheless, I must admit that I was interested in the revelation, as I always am in a new diagnosis of human nature; and then, too, the description has, after all, a pretty natural look. (The fact is that mankind does not bear investigation.) However, I don't intend to moralize or to express my own view on the subject, but only to report what I was told. The mood just indicated, my informant said, in reply to some questions on my part, is not usually a permanent one. (Here we come upon a more cheering aspect of human nature.) Men, she continued, get used to marriage as they do to every thing else, and the collar ceases to gall. I really think, she concluded, that husbands are often more fond of their wives after a year or two than they were before. In that time they become domesticated; and the rebellions fit disappears. But how about the wives? Are not they also apt to repent of their bargain? This is the question that I chiefly wanted to ask, but women are so prone to take things in a personal sense, that I forbore to seek information on the point. Perhaps, however, I can obtain it from my readers.—*Boston Post.*

Steel Shields for Soldiers.

Experiments have recently been made in Denmark with steel shields, invented by Captain Holstein of the Danish army, and intended to give cover to two men. When not in use they are folded up, and then occupy an area of only two feet square. The shields contain four loopholes, two at the top and two at the bottom. They are to be used in what is known as stationary defense. When a breastwork has been demolished by the enemy's artillery, and the enemy advances to the attack, the defenders, under ordinary circumstances, are exposed, unprotected, to his fire. It is then that the shields are to come into requisition. As soon as the enemy has advanced to within five hundred paces the shields are suddenly mounted, and from this improvised cover it is thought that the defenders would be able to repel the attack. The trials made in Denmark are stated to have demonstrated the utility of the shields.—*N. Y. Post.*

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Second Discourse of the Series to the Women of America.

Advice as to the Choice of a Husband—An Uncongenial Marriage a Living Death—High, Wordly Marriages Not Necessarily Happy.

In the second sermon of his series addressed to the women of America, Dev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for his subject "Marriage for Worldly Success Without Regard to Moral Character." His text was:

And there was a man in Maon whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.—I Samuel, xxv. 2.

Dr. Talmage said: My text introduces us to a drunken bloat of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investments in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live stock. He also came of a distinguished family and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot and a fool. One instance, to illustrate: It was a wool-raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing floors of Nabal, sent to him asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out: "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said: "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say: "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say: "Who is Washington?" Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the Bible gives us a full-length picture of him sprawling and maudlin and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tuberose planted beside a thistle, a palm branch twined into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in Heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature! Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family and no one can despise a great name. Beside this, wealth would come, and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banqueters seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards and fruits from ripest orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold set on by slaves in bright uniform. Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself: "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I can not and will not!" But then, again, she said to herself: "It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse, and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow." And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety, and with an assumed geniality and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a March squall, and the great-souled woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and one thousand goats.

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success without regard to character. So Marie Jeanne Philpon, the daughter of the humble engraver of Paris, became the famous Mme. Roland of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold, formal, monotonous man because he came of an affluent family of Ameins and had lordly blood in his veins. The day, when through political revolution, this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the axe, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted: "Go first that you may not witness my death," and then undaunted took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her uncongenial marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man is the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions where God is as much worshiped as he ever was in a cabin. The Gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live four hundred or five hundred years; for if, according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die one hundred years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture and of libraries and pillared magnificence, and of parks, and fountains, and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the Gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelistic services. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an eastern caravansary has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money, and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle, and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past, and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton, or Tennyson, or Spencer, or Tom Moore, or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to watch you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose the Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlisle to thunder your indignation, or the other shelves where the old Gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished.

There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with thin apparel if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention, and they suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos, Lawrence, James Lennox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Shaftesbury, Miss Wolfe and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities, and the fifty leading business men of one of our Western cities, three-fourths of them are Christians.

The fact is that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in bar rooms squirting tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear until the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up, and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial, replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hopocrites. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast and insisted on paying ten dollars to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that church was built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load when he came to count it a thousand clams short. Yes, godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great, honest, permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bible. But what I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hand, re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and one thousand goats."

If there be good moral character, accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. If not, let the morning lark fly clear of the Rocky Mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stupendous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed:

A comfortable home, with nothing more than ordinary surroundings, but an attractive daughter carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes in a man with nothing but money—unless you count profanity, and selfishness, and fondness for champagne, and general recklessness as a part of his possessions. He has his coat collar turned up when there is no chill in the air, but because it gives him an air of abandon; and eye-glass, not because he is near-sighted, but because it gives a classical appearance; and with an attire somewhat loud, a cane thick enough to be the club of Hercules and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrases inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks, but terrestrially landed. By arts learned of the devil he insinuates himself into the affections of the daughter of that Christian home. All the kindred congratulate her on the almost supernatural prospects. Reports come in that the young man is fast in his habits; that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several houses in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and, more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars and very feeble in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son, and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great desert, and how much more will several bushels of dollars shut out?

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the orange blossoms fragrant enough, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft containing the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are launched on a dead sea, its waters brackish with tears, and ghastly with faces of despair floating to the surface and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will every thing. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints, and fault-findings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house, and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner, if not in words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer, and Powers, and Crawford, and Chantry, and Canova; can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt, and Church, and Kenset, and Cole, and Cropsey; could violins played on by an Ole Bull, or pianos fingered by a Gottschalk, or solos warbled by a Sontag; could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie make a wife in such a companionship happy?

Imprisoned in a castle! Her gold bracelets are the chains of a lifelong servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches, and rolls along the corridors, and weeps in the falling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep in olden time brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers, ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck. But the floral and ribboned decorations did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the robes with which you enwrap her, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps, are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As if to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations, two ducal palaces in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture, the accumulation of other estates until their wealth is beyond calculation and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost $2,500,000, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guidos and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the Duchess has removed with her children because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the Duke, and in the other castle the Duchess remains confronted by insults and abominations in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for these ducal country seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, beastly drunk as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and "was very great, and had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats," and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul in its mouth and ran off with it.

Before things are right in this world genteel villains are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters, and medals, and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed without peril to themselves to put their hand on the door knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat-of-arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life. By what law of God or common sense is an Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black. But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of watering-place society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their table, though they know him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid, his foot that of a satyr, and his touch death. Here is an evil that men can not stop, but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick and his eye glassy and his step a stagger, as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning limited express train to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such an one no jewel for finger or ear, lest that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk; and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand, lest that ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and Heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity, I forbid the banns! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success, without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, O woman, for noble affiancing, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the monarch of Heaven and earth. And this day a voice from the skies sounds forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Let him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentence and faith you may come into a marriage with the Emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an empress unto God forever, and reign with him in palaces that the centuries can not crumble or cannonades demolish.

High worldly marriage is not necessary for women, or marriage of any kind, in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best being that ever lived and his greatest apostle—Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have? But what you need, O woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the banns of that marriage I am at this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of Heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul. One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled Queen of Egypt, won the sympathy of Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Cæsar, the great General. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Cæsar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them, and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as a present for Cæsar. This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace, and was put down at the feet of the Roman General. When the bundle was unrolled there rose before Cæsar one whose courage, and beauty, and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled Queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of wifely dominion in his own heart. Afterward they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver tipped, and the prow was gold mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicery of tropical gardens and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day. You may rejoice, O woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the one to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Cæsar, the conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the feet of the conqueror of the earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace, you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed, you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day. When all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim: "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and in a barge of light you sail with Him the river whose source is the foot of the throne, and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

The Old and the New.

Old and new are by some persons counted as practically synonymous with good and bad, the old being good because it is old, and the new being bad because it is new. It is in view of this feeling that a popular form of advertisement announces "old-fashioned doughnuts," and "old-fashioned molasses candy," and other things of that sort. But an enterprising confectioner now boldly breasts this popular sentiment by advertising "new-fashioned molasses candy." And his suggestion is a good one, that in more than one line of thought it is a duty and a possibility to improve on the past; although, be it remembered, it is no more a certainty—with molasses candy or with statements of doctrine—that the new is better than the old, than that the old is better than the new.—*N. Y. Times.*